

THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

OR

Political, Commercial, and Literary Gazette.

VOL. VI.]

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3. 1819.

No. 229

General Summary of News.

EUROPE

The French papers, which came into the possession of the Editor of the Times, by the arrival of the Nancy, from Bordeaux, extend to the middle of July, and the leading articles of European intelligence contained in them have been translated, and laid before the public in the regular publication of yesterday from that press. Some of them, as gathered from the Extras before issued, we have already laid before our readers; and the remainder we submit to them in substance under their respective dates.

London, July 3.—The Morning Chronicle of this date states, that the English Army on the 25th of May, amounted 104,349 men, in which were included 14,116 Cavalry.

The rapid increase of public Schools within the last seven years is mentioned in the same Paper, which says, that in 1813, there were 52 national Schools, containing 8000 pupils, and that in 1819 there were, at the date of writing, 1467 Schools, containing 20,000 pupils.

The London Times of the same date, states, that in September 1819 the French Army would be 160,000 strong, if its organization met with no unexpected impediments.

The Statesman, of this date also, announces, that a Letter had been received from Juan Griego, Margarita, dated the 21st of May, which stated, that dispatches had been received from the President Bolivar, reporting that 160 English cavalry of Colonel Uster's regiment had defeated the Cavalry of Morillo 1000 strong, 400 of whom had been killed. The President has given them the order of the *Libertadores*, with which none but Admiral Brion and himself were until then invested.

July 5.—The Courier of this date gives an account of a Meeting of the Reformers at Stockport, at which Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., presided; and notwithstanding the taunts which it endeavours to cast on the firmness of these people in what they honestly consider a sacred cause, it is obliged nevertheless to confess, that no Meeting has yet been seen so firmly determined to accomplish the object of its resolutions, and to add also its apprehension, that the enthusiasm of these Reformers may pervade the other provinces of the realm, and have fatal consequences for the public tranquillity. It does not add, however, what it might have said, that it therefore behoved ministers rather to attempt the redress of their grievances, than to hunt them down, as they recommend, with troops of dragoons.

July 6.—The Courier of this date announces the arrival in London, of the Duke of Rovigo, General Savary. I will be remembered, that in one of our Journals, a few days since, we detailed an account of the quarrel which had happened between him and a French Officer of a Brig of War at Smyrna. It appears, that he had gone from Smyrna to London, on board an English merchant vessel, the *Lewing*, on commercial affairs, that his wife and family were to follow him, but that he had engaged (not without being compelled to do so of course) to quit England within a month after landing in it, to return again to Smyrna on his commercial affairs. Is then a French exiled General, unarmed, and transformed into a simple Merchant, an object of such terror and alarm? What class of beings will they proscribe next?

Paris, July 5.—In the French Papers of this date, a melancholy accident is detailed as happening at Tivoli. Madame Blanchard was to ascend from thence in an Aërostat, and a great fête was given on the occasion. The vehicle had no sooner crossed the garden than it took fire, when it was at a great elevation. The Aëronautic skill fell in the street de Provence, and the unfortunate female Madame Blanchard was carried lifeless to Tivoli. It is added, that the humanity of all present was very liberally exercised towards the family of this unfortunate lady, before they quitted the garden.

July 9.—The Paris Papers of this date mention that two Frenchmen, of the names of Robert and Laguerre, were to be shot at Buenos Ayres.

There had been very stormy weather in the British Channel, and great dangers experienced in navigation about that period.

The Papers of this date also mention, that 600 men, under the command of Colonel Macdormott and an equal number under Colonel Bagg were to leave Dublin about the 16th or 17th July for South America.

The following is an account of a Public Meeting, held on the 6th of July at Paris (on account of the 4th falling on a Sunday) by the Americans there, in celebration of the 43d Anniversary of the Independence of the United States.

Mr. Erving, formerly a Plenipotentiary of the United States, at the Spanish Court, occupied the chair as President, and was assisted by Mr. Seybert, once a Member of the Congress, and Mr. Barnet, the American Consul—as Vice Presidents.

The following toasts were given:—

1. The day which we celebrate.
2. The President of the United States.
3. France, her King, and her Constitution.
4. Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, Ex-First Magistrates of the United States.
5. The memory of Washington.
6. The Starred Banner which was never lowered before an equal force.
7. The Army and Navy of the United States.
8. Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures:—The elements of national independence.
9. Public Instruction:—The basis of Liberty.
10. The Militia of the United States:—Its utility has been proved by experience.
11. The supporters of the American Union:—History shall supply the deficiencies of our heraldry.
12. The Foreign Powers in amity with the United States.
13. Our families and friends in America.
14. By His Excellency the Plenipotentiary of the United States:—The memory of Franklin.
15. By General La Fayette:—The American Era. The world shall be indebted to it for free constitutions, economical governments, general benevolence, and progressive amelioration.
16. When Mr. Gallatin had left the hall, they drank his health in the following words:—Our worthy minister, Mr. Gallatin.
17. After Mr. La Fayette had retired:—General La Fayette and General Kosciuszko, and all the other heroes who have so nobly fought for the cause of Liberty.
18. By Mr. Barnet:—Our Penitentiary and Lancasterian Establishments. The former, as the best corrective of the crimes of the present generation—the latter, as the best preventive of the crimes of future generations.
19. By Mr. Seybert:—The people and Government of the United States, one and indivisible.
20. By Mr. Deatrehan:—The happiness of our fellow-citizens. May it extend to all mankind.
21. By Mr. Jones:—May our private life among foreign people ever become our national character.
22. By Mr. Stevenson:—The propagation of knowledge—the most solid basis of civil and religious liberty—the strongest barrier against intolerance and fanaticism.
23. By Mr. Perry:—May the administration of our country ever be guided by justice.

The following articles of intelligence, and their comments, are chiefly from our latest Papers of June, still the most recent in date that have yet reached the Settlement.

Major M'Dermott, of the country of Galway, is raising there a regiment, of which he is to be Colonel, which is to join the forces under the command of Sir Gregory M'Gregor in South America.

An American ship has recently arrived at Bourdeaux from New York. Among the passengers are Cornelius Salaienta, King of the Indian nation of Onaida, and seven persons of his Court, who propose to travel in Europe.

Ordinance Economy.—It appears from the Ordinance Estimates in the year 1780, when Lord Townsend held his office of Master General, that the salary of his Private Secretary, (the late Mr. Courtney) was 220*l.* a year. In the time of Lord Mulgrave, the salary of Colonel Chapman, the Private Secretary was 2,000*l.* In consequence of the recommendation of the Committee of Finance, it is reduced to the half-pay establishment of only 1,000*l.* per annum, with an official suite of apartments.

The Carhile Weavers.—These poor people driven to an intolerable extremity, have published an "Appeal to public feeling," which contains some eloquent passages, notwithstanding it is written, we suppose, by one of the "lower orders." The following is one of them: "We are now arrived at a pitch of wretchedness and misery, such, we sincerely believe, as never existed in any country in time of profound peace, except visited by a natural famine. We are a powerful people, and yet we want strength. We are industrious people, and yet we want bread; whatever the cause may be, we will not at this moment pretend to determine, but the effects are dreadful to be contemplated, and still more horrible to experience." They have marched through the neighbouring villages, exhibiting a melancholy spectacle, but have luckily not been betrayed into any violence.

Lunatics.—It appears from a return laid before Parliament, that there are 1156 lunatics confined in the different goals, hospitals, and lunatic asylums of England and Wales. Of these, 655 are males, 501 females. In Bethlem Hospital the number actually confined is 193, viz. 107 males and 86 females. This return does not include private madhouses. By another paper it appears, there are 88 licensed houses for the reception of lunatics in England and Wales, which contain 2545 lunatics, making a total of 3701. If to this number be added those who remain in the custody of their friends, the aggregate amount must exceed 4000.

Conveyancers.—A Correspondent, calling himself an "Enemy to monopoly," has published long letter respecting the proposed Bill for preventing persons not Attorneys or otherwise qualified from practising as Conveyancers. This Bill was brought in on the ground that, as Attorneys paid a very heavy sum on entering the profession, it was not fair on them, that they should be compelled to share the most profitable part of their business with a great number of others, who might get certificates at a cost comparatively small. Our Correspondent relates a great many instances of the ignorance and knavery of Attorneys in drawing up leases, &c. He urges three reasons against the present limitation of the business:—that Attorneys are interested in making the papers very long and ambiguous, which both increases their pay, and gives them the chance of future litigation; that the expense is obviously enhanced by the monopoly; and that clever and deserving members of the profession would naturally get most business without any arbitrary measure. These are very good arguments against the abstract question, no doubt, yet we cannot but think it hard, that the lawyers who have, as it were, purchased the monopoly, should be deprived of its advantages. However the interests of individuals must give way to those of the public; and the continuance of the system is a greater evil than the individual suffering which the alteration would occasion. Still the alteration should be as gentle as possible. The Bill of Mr. Lyttleton however, is intended to increase and secure the monopoly, and will, we have no doubt, tend to add to the notorious bad effects of the law. It is one of the gradual advances, by which it has constantly gone on increasing in expense and delay.

Prince Leopold.—Prince Leopold arrived at Claremont on the 28th of May. Since his return there he has inspected some of the alterations and repairs which have been proceeded with during his absence. There is scarcely a road or path but what were obliged to be thoroughly repaired, or new made, the gardens having been occupied by a market-gardener; the paths were grown over: the pleasure-grounds, which had also been much neglected, have employed a number of labourers. Several new buildings have also been erected. Every thing that had been ordered, or even suggested, by his late beloved Princess, is to be completed agreeably to her plans. Among the works now finished, which the Princess had planned, is the Temple in the pleasure grounds where her Royal Highness first rested when she arrived at Claremont, which was to have been a fanciful Gothic building for her Royal Highness to retire to; but which is now converted into a mausoleum to her memory. The conservatory, planned also by her Royal Highness, is nearly finished; in the middle is a room for study, which will be surrounded by trees and plants, so that the person or persons in it will be entirely concealed.—The attendants and domestics of the late Princess have been retained in the service of Prince Leopold, and the same expenditure and tables have been kept up at Claremont, as if the Prince had been in England. His Royal Highness only took two servants abroad with him.

Foreign Enlistment.—Before the end of the summer, it is computed, that upwards of ten thousand troops will be shipped from Ireland to fight against the cause of despotism in South America. The major portion of these are veterans, who have seen much active service in various parts of the globe. In one brigade alone, there are upwards of 1,500 Waterloo men.

The Foreign Enlistment Bill is intended to oblige the beloved Ferdinand, by depriving the South Americans of the advantages of the sympathy which their struggles in a glorious cause naturally excite among the English Admirers of freedom; and what is more extraordinary, to do this at the risk, and almost the certainty, of debarring ourselves from the vent for our manufactures, which the great Continent of South America would afford. This is propping up Legitimacy with a vengeance. The shrewd Diplomats of the United States will no doubt seize the opportunity which our Government has so heroically abandoned, and by espousing the cause of the Patriots, as we have done that of Spain, obtain a preference over us as to the supply of their commercial and manufacturing wants. In the mean time, the Courier is very loud in his commendations of the magnanimity and disinterestedness of his master, and affects to scorn such mean considerations as a little trading profit, &c. Now we like magnanimity and disinterestedness very well, but then they should be consistent; and we are inclined to suspect, that they are but pretences, when they are affected by persons whose general conduct is any thing but magnanimous. Besides, where is the disinterestedness of giving up an advantage, especially in our present depressed state, for the sake of a Creature, whose very advocates are ashamed of him, and who has just been endangering our foreign possessions for the sake of a little money?

But we are told, that our neutrality must be preserved. Is it not preserved as long as our Government are neutral? If individuals chuse to embark in a war between foreign powers, it does not involve us nationally in the quarrel: such individuals should be treated as the party with whom they are engaged are. They do not fight as British subjects,

A respectable merchant of London has given the following information, and is ready to give up his name, if necessary to substantiate its truth. In the early part of 1817, while he was in Jamaica, a Spaniard, named Don Pedro Pablo Velez, a Colonel in the Royal army, arrived in that island, and applied to him to purchase 1000 stand of arms, to be sent to the Royalists in Mexico. There was a proclamation in force at the time, prohibiting the exportation of all warlike stores, but it was about to expire. Don Pedro applied to the Governor, the Duke of Manchester, for a license to export the arms, which the Duke declined granting, but managed the matter to the satisfaction of the applicant in this way: When the Proclamation expired, the expected renewal was delayed, until the Don had negotiated the purchase, and shipped the muskets. This was in June, 1817, and they were safely landed soon after at Vera Cruz, after being conveyed by his Majesty's frigate Pique. Moreover, 100 of the 1000 stand of arms were taken from the custom-house at Kingston, with the knowledge and consent of the Government officers.—Now Governors of Colonies understand pretty well what is acceptable to the authorities at home, and those authorities take care to disavow any act which might expose them to imputations they do not deserve. No notice has been taken by Ministers of this contrivance, and we may therefore consider it as showing which way their inclinations tend.—So much for their great principle of neutrality.

Bank Affairs.—The Reports of the Bank Committees have gone through the Parliament; and perhaps there never were so many speakers and such long speeches, from which so little information was obtained. Excepting the statements of Mr. Peel, which are of course the result of the labours of the Committee, and the speeches of Mr. Ricardo and Lord Folkestone, the debate was supported upon the often-refuted, narrow-minded, notions of the Stock-Exchange; or ideas borrowed (without acknowledgment) from the orations of Sir R. Peel and Co. at the London Tavern. We had the usual cant about the immense service of the paper-money during the war, and of gratitude to the Bank for their generous and patriotic assistance (for which they only charged 3½ per cent, and got a further license to delay the payment of their debts). There are two curious circumstances connected with this new plan. One is, the complete and sudden conversion of the Ministers, who are now flying in the face of all their old, obstinately-maintained, arguments. Lord Castlereagh, indeed, made a bungling attempt to reconcile his former with his present opinions. He had always contended, that Bank-notes were not depreciated; and now he maintains, that he is not inconsistent, because he still thinks that they are not depreciated in comparison with what any other war standard would have been. His Lordship might better have imitated the candid confession of Mr. Peel respecting his change of opinion, and have reserved his talents for equivocation for some occasion on which they would have been more likely to have been of use to him.—The other remarkable circumstance is the little fracas between the government and the Bank. The appendices to the Reports throw some light on this matter. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, it seems, lately made several applications to the Bank for money for the dividends, &c. which were unsuccessful. Now it is not unlikely, that these rebuffs put Ministers upon contriving some means to dispense with the assistance of the Bank, and of giving them up also, by way of retaliation, to their Parliamentary opponents, who have been so long demanding Cash Payments. It is reported, however, that the paper-making faculty has got the victory over the speech-making, that is, that the rebellious Statesmen, after failing in this effort to throw off their harness, have again yoked themselves to the vehicle of the Bank Directors.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not given such a deadly thrust at the official character of the *Courier*, we might have drawn some conclusions respecting the want of determination of our Administration from the fickleness of its supposed organ; for that incomprehensible journal was cavilling against Mr. Ricardo's plan about a fortnight ago so much, that it was thought Ministers were going to desert their Committees and oppose the plan. There is indeed no knowing, even now, what their necessities will lead them to do, in order to oblige the Bank.

The objects of the bullion plan, having been detailed twice in Parliament, needs little explanation. The main one is to prevent any further depreciation of paper, and to provide for gradually raising its value to that of gold; the difference now being about 3 per cent. To bring this about, it seems necessary, that the Bank should be repaid a part of the notes they have issued on Government securities, in order that they may be provided against the chance of a demand for bullion. This repayment alarms many people: they say, that it will cause the circulation to be contracted, and distress the merchants and manufacturers. But, in the first place, there does not seem any necessity, that the money repaid the Bank should be withdrawn from circulation, as it may be laid out in the purchase of bullion; and in the next, if such withdrawal is partially necessary, it does not follow that it will do any harm. If the circulation is lessened in quantity, its value will be increased, and where then is the loss? This position may be illustrated by an extreme case:—If the Bank were to treble the quantity of paper in circulation, would the country be richer? No; because a 1l. note would only then be worth 6s. 8d. How then can a small diminution in quantity, and a proportionate increase of value, hurt us?

There are many other of these sort of objections to the plan, but they chiefly turn upon the alleged injury which a contraction of the circulation would occasion. There is however another and a more serious objection founded upon the artificial state in which we have been so long immersed. Contracts have been made, and taxes paid in this depreciated currency. The restoration would therefore benefit all creditors at the expense of debtors, as money would be increased in real amount, though the nominal sums remained the same. There would be no counteracting advantage on the other side; the prices of commodities would of course be lowered in proportion to the increased value of the currency. The same objection applies with still more force to the question, it is not very clear, that the people are of taxation for to leave the justice of the thing out of the question actually able to bear any addition to their burdens; and we doubt whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not catch at this opportunity to increase the revenue by an operation so passive on his part.

Even the most strenuous advocates for the resumption of Cash Payments, admit the necessity of going through a certain painful process in order to arrive at that desired point. The question therefore is, whether the remedy or the disease is worse;—whether the constant fluctuation of the value of property, and the dangerous power given to an interested body of men, are to be removed at the expense of deranging present calculations, and incurring the chance of an increased taxation. We are inclined to think, that an effort should be made to restore a wholesome circulation at almost any risk; and it is also to be recollected, with respect to that part of the question which applies to existing contracts, that persons who have entered into them since the Suspension, must at the same time have contemplated, or at least known the possibility of the Resumption. This at least lessens the injustice.

Sweden.—It is now said, that the King of Sweden has not been requested by the modest and Holy Allies to "descend from his throne." it is only demanded of him, that he should fulfil the Treaty of Kiel, and discharge the debt of Norway. Conferences on the subject have taken place in London and it is understood, that in case he does not accede to the demand, he will be regularly summoned to do so, on pain of the consequences. On the other hand, the King of Sweden is said to be stubborn on this point, and to be forming a camp in Scania for the purpose of intimidating the Danes.

The question is simply this. You, say the Danes and the Allies to the King of Sweden, engaged to pay the debt of Norway upon being put into possession of it. You refuse to do so, and therefore you do not fulfil the promises you made in the Treaty of Kiel.—Good!—says the King of Sweden; I was to be put in possession of Norway, but I was not; I had to fight for it, and therefore the treaty cannot be binding on me. Besides, the debt is greater than I took it for.

The reply to this is, that his Majesty ought to have had his eyes about him when he undertook to pay the debt;—which is true,—especially when it is difficult to conceive that he was so blind as he pretends to be. If he lays claim to any innocencies of this sort.

Look in his face, and you'll forget them all.

It is added, that if the Sovereigns on their own parts opposed Bernadotte, the Danes could not help it; and here the question, by mutual agreement, stops.—But we must ask, was Sweden put into possession of Norway without any counter-attempts from Denmark? If so, what was the meaning of that sudden appearance in Norway of the Crown Prince of Denmark, of the enthusiastic reception of him, of his speeches, his conduct, &c. &c.? It may be rejoined, that the Court disapproved of his proceeding,—that it was youthful, romantic, &c. But we know of no disapprobation to that effect. Now how is this fact got over? There cannot be greater enemies than our-

selves to the way and the circumstances under which Norway was given up to Sweden. We can even assert without affectation—(Great God! what is affectation worth in such matters as these?)—that when this transfer was made—(we were in prison at the time).—the enormity of it, in the then state of the world, used to take away our rest at nights, and make us tremble with agitation before we went to sleep. We could then never hear the national Norwegian air, which a friend brought us, without an internal convulsion, which sent the unwilling tears in our eyes. But still, what has all this to do with a plain subordinate matter of fact, to which the question, by the mutual consent of parties, is reduced? Bernadotte, we should think, would hardly provoke a war for nothing, knowing, as he must do, that in spite of all their cant; whatever it may be, the Legitimates would gladly see his downfall; and that the Swedish Nobility, accustomed to their own wilfulness and to a change of Sovereigns, are ticklish persons to deal with.

Marquis Camden.

In a former Journal we noticed the unanimous Resolution of Thanks to the Marquis of Camden, passed in the House of Commons for his noble sacrifice of private fortune to the service of his country; an imperfect Report of this Resolution, having appeared in some of the London Papers, the following is given in the *Courier* of the 27th of May, as an accurate account of it.

"Resolved, *nem. con.*—That this House doth acknowledge and highly approve the public spirit and disinterested conduct of the Most Noble the Marquis Camden, in making, during his life, this large sacrifice of private fortune to the service of his country; and that it becomes this House to record with due commendation such an instance of distinguished munificence, so honourable to the giver, and so justly entitled to public gratitude."

The following is an authentic copy of the letter addressed by the Noble Marquis to the Speaker of the House of Commons:—

Arlington-street, May 23, 1819.

Sir, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22d instant, communicating to me a Resolution of the House of Commons unanimously agreed to, on Friday the 21st instant.

"I trust, Sir, that I feel as becomes me, the high and distinguished honour conferred upon me by the approbation which the House has been pleased to express of the conduct which I have pursued, in devoting to the exigencies of the State a part of the emoluments received by me, as one of the Tellers of his Majesty's Exchequer—an office which his Majesty most graciously conferred upon me in consideration of the public services of my father.

"And, if I fail to express, as I feel, the deep and lasting impression which has been made upon my mind, from having been thought worthy of so marked and honourable a distinction, I trust to the indulgence of the House of Commons to excuse the very inadequate terms in which I am enabled to convey the expression of my satisfaction and gratitude.

"The kind and flattering manner in which you, Sir, have been so good as to express your sentiments upon this occasion demands my peculiar acknowledgments; and I request you to accept my most sincere and cordial thanks.

"I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, Sir, Your most faithful and most obedient servant,

"CAMDEN."

Notice of a new Rat.—An accession to the breed of this mischievous Creature, already so numerous in England, has recently taken place. This Animal, it seems, though originally from Ireland, had contrived to get to India, where it thrived exceedingly on certain artificial productions called rupees. Having gratified its rapacity to the full, the Creature returned to Europe in one of the Company's ships, and, after some occasional appearances, it finally attempted to burrough in Taunton. The simple inhabitants of that town, pleased at first with its blue and buff coat, and apparent good qualities (for it had not then the appearance of a rat) took great notice of it; but the animal soon exhibited various sly and ugly tricks such as changing its coat, turning upon those that cherished it, and other unseemly vagaries, which compelled the good people to abandon the Creature altogether. It has accordingly fled the town! but whether from its natural habits or its high state of irritation, it has left behind it a very ill odour!—Just before its quitting Somerset, it was seen sneaking towards the enclosures of Mr. COLLINS and Sir T. LETHBRIDGE; but, they say, it was finally observed endeavouring to take shelter in the WELLESLEY grounds. The Creature, though it occasionally looks fierce and threatening, is a mere coward at bottom; and this notice is not given from any fear of its prowess, but only to warn the unwary of its disagreeable and dirty habits.

Foreign Females.

IMPORTATION OF FEMALES FROM THE CONTINENT.

To the Editor of the Observer.

Sir,

The following Letter appeared in the *London Observer* of the 6th of June, addressed to the Editor, and the facts it records are so remarkable and the comment so excellent, that we have thought it not destitute of interest even here. It is as follows:—

Permit me to call your attention to the following facts, and solicit an insertion of the same in your Paper:

A few evenings since, when passing through Piccadilly, I saw alight from a Dover and London stagecoach, twelve foreign Females, apparently from the age of nineteen to twenty-five. On my asking from whence they arrived, I was informed, that they were imported from the Continent, as the property of certain Individuals (leaders of a band), who have for some time practised a most notorious mode of trafficking in Females. It appears, that they go to Switzerland, and to other parts of the Continent, and select, to the number of twelve or fourteen young Females, whose parents, being poor, are easily prevailed on, to part with their children, and without once reflecting on the impropriety of such absurd proceedings, allow them to be conveyed to this place of refuge, by the importers, who undertake their conveyance on credit; and on their arrival hither, some of them are appointed to situations best suited to gratify their vicious propensities, and in a short time only, serve to augment the number of abandoned Females.

Others of the tribe have different situations procured for them; and however unqualified to act in such capacity, are engaged by ladies (at a low salary) to serve them as their *femmes de chambre*, and thus they become slaves to the importers till their situations and means furnish them with money, sufficient to purchase their freedom, by defraying the expences attendant on their being transported hither &c.; and what becomes of the female English servants, whose faithful services have merited a better notice but are supplanted by these undeserving intruders; happy for them if they have parents and homes to receive them, or the means to retire to some humble cottage; but, alas, how many do we see so supplanted who have neither home nor friends to fly to; and, perhaps, the supporting of some afflicted parent may have deprived them of the means of meeting so sudden a change of situation. Then, what results from the exposed situation of these unhappy and truly pitiable females—prostitution; for, rather than commit crimes which would expose them to justice, they will, as the last resource, chuse to resign their virtue to support nature.

Prostitution, we are aware, is a vice which cannot be rooted up; still it might receive a lenitive to be the better endured, for whether we consider the increasing numbers of abandoned Females, or their impudent and immodest behaviour, both, it must be admitted, call loudly for correction; a decency ought to be observed in the most depraved practices, but what prostitution ought carefully to conceal, is, in the present degenerate age, exposed to the view of every passenger; actions disgraceful and immodest, formerly confined to the brothel, are now, with an uncommon assurance, transacted in the public streets, in open defiance of the laws, and a total disregard to modesty.

When viewing the cause by which this great and growing evil is, in a great measure, so augmented, we must exclaim against a traffic so disgraceful; and at the same time we express a hope, that the wisdom of Government will adopt measures, that may effectually prevent any further importation of such continental dregs, which only serve to heap disgrace on this, our envied Metropolis.

London, June 5, 1819.

G. F. J.

Hazlitt's Lectures.

(From the Examiner of the 6th of June.)

If Mr. Hazlitt is not the most popular writer of the day, he yields only to some of the great poets and novelists, and he is at the head of a class in which our most ambitious wits are anxious to be enrolled. His knowledge of the drama, the fine arts, works of fancy and fiction, and other departments of polite literature, taken severally, may not equal that of some other persons, but, taken altogether, is certainly unrivalled. His writings are full of spirit and vivacity; he has the ease and gaiety of a man of the world; and there is, at the same time, an intensity in his conceptions which embodies ideas that are so volatile and fugitive as to escape the grasp of a slower but profounder intellect. He professes to throw aside the formality and prudery of authorship, and to give his best thoughts to the world with the freedom and frankness of old Montaigne, without submitting to assume the mask of current opinions or conventional morality. In discussing any subject he disregards logical methods, but pursues the tract that leads him into the most interesting vein of thinking, and concludes when all his best things are said, at whatever stage that may be. He feels sure that every fault will be pardoned but dulness; and providing he can bear the

reader along with him, he is not very scrupulous about the means he employs, or the course he steers. His beauties are procured by a great expenditure of thinking; and some of his single strokes or flashes reveal more to the reader's understanding than whole pages of an ordinary writer.

The great fault of his works arises from a surcharge of excellence. He is too uniformly emphatic and dazzling, and fatigues us by placing all the objects in the strongest lights, without any space for shade or repose. His love of effect betrays him into paradox and caricature; but his thoughts are crowded together rather than grouped; and though they please individually by their poignancy, it often happens that we lay down the book with a sense of satiety and exhaustion.

This is rather a more miscellaneous work than the title indicates. It consists of eight Lectures: the first on Wit and Humour; the second, third, and fourth, on the Comic Writers from Shakespeare to Farquhar; the fifth on periodical Essayists; the sixth on the English Novelists; the seventh on the works of Hogarth; and the eighth on the Comic Writers of the last century. The article on Novels had previously appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, but it is well worthy of being republished. It gives a masterly view of the character of the most celebrated novel writers. The Essay on Wit and Humour, though placed in the front of the volume, is by no means the best part of its contents. It abounds in acute and refined remarks, and, like all the author's works, it glitters with perpetual beauties of thought and expression; but the principle is neither steadily pursued, nor well brought out, and the train of reasoning is rather obscured by the number, variety, and brilliancy of the illustrations.

The interest, indeed, never flags, because the author's vivacity and force of thinking bears us along; but though he strikes out some new lights, he does not succeed in giving us a full and comprehensive view of the subjects. In the second Lecture he has the hardihood to allow that Shakespeare, though matchless in tragedy, is not quite so great in Comedy as Moliere. We prize the honesty of this remark at a time when there is so much quackish admiration of the great poet, and when would-be critics are evincing their taste and discernment by praising him for qualities that are inconsistent with one another.

The reason he assigns for the inferiority of Shakespeare's comedies, that this species of drama "does not find its richest harvest till individual infirmities have passed into general manners," appears to us not quite so solid as the opinion it is brought to support. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say, that in an early period of society, when prominent characters abound, men have not refinement enough to be moved or delighted by the exhibition of their own follies or peculiarities; and it is not till a latter period, when a sense of propriety, and a sense of ridicule, have grown up, that they make a treat of their own absurdities or those of their predecessors.

The immediate humours of the day are seldom served up, but in farce and the most striking and effective characters in comedy are generally taken from times before our own, or from classes of society where the manners of former times still linger. The oddity of antique fashions, and the rusticity of clownish manners, are played off to entertain those who think themselves more knowing and accomplished.

To Ben Jonson, who has too little fancy to please Mr. Hazlitt, justice has not been done; but Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, are characterized with admirable skill and felicity. His account of these celebrated writers discovers profound views of the nature of dramatic excellence, and his comparisons, allusions, and illustrations, give us new ideas of the capabilities of prose composition. We may remark, that the good things he scatters in his course by random, hits and bye-play as it were, are of more value than his formal judgments.

His Lecture on the Periodical Essayists is chiefly occupied with Montaigne, Steele, Addison, and Johnson. By what appears to us a singular perversity of judgment, he ranks the Tailor above the Spectator, and Steele above Addison. Steele has, in some degree, the faults and excellencies of Mr. Hazlitt himself. Though he is more unconstrained than Addison, and throws out his thoughts with less reserve, and less deference to existing opinions, his papers, upon the whole, are crude, hasty, and ill put together. His conceptions are often but half made out; his thoughts are piled together rather than arranged; while their brilliancy does not always compensate for their want of order. His distinction is often harsh and abrupt; and his efforts in general are rather careless than felicitous.

Addison wrote perhaps as rapidly as Steele, but he retouched carefully; and if his labour is sometimes visible to a nice observer, we reap too many advantages from it, in perspicuity and completeness of effect to quarrel with it, or to wish to exchange it for the blundering frankness of his associate. Addison's papers are not only more finished on the whole, but they contain more good thoughts and happy strokes than those of Steele, and it is pure fastidiousness to maintain that the value of his matter is lessened by being more artfully disposed. But if we dispute our author's opinion of Steele and Addison, we concur entirely in his estimate of Johnson; and we cannot sufficiently express our admiration of the skill, truth, and felicity, with which he is characterised. His Essays on Hogarth, and on the Comic Writers of the last century, are also excellent.

But both here, and in other parts of the volume, he now and then discovers something like the over-refinement of a connoisseur, who sees inimitable beauties in works, which to ordinary eyes are mere daubs and scratches. He has dwelt upon the works of comic writers till every casual stroke seems pregnant with meanings; and his mind, like that of a lover, ascribes to the object of its admiration beauties which exist only in itself.

Political Meeting.

On the 24th of May nearly 300 Electors of Westminster celebrated the Twelfth Anniversary of the Triumph of Independence and Parity of Election, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.—Sir F. Burdett entered the room amidst loud applause, accompanied by Mr. C. F. Palmer, Mr. Hobbouse, Mr. Evans, Mr. Scroope Davis, &c. After dinner, the following toasts were given:

"The only source of legitimate power, The People."

"The Prince Regent; and may he remember his own declaration, that the Crown is held in trust for the benefit of the People."—Tune, "Hope told a flattering tale."

"May the United Kingdom speedily be enabled to follow the example set to her by the people of Westminster, and elect her own representatives."

The health of the Chairman being proposed.

Sir F. BURDETT, whose appearance on the table was hailed with loud applause, said, that though it was not long since he had met his friends in that room, matters of the utmost importance had come to light since that time, or rather those things which had been anticipated by every thinking man were now publicly acknowledged to exist. The monstrous coalition to which the return of the other candidate was owing, had done irreparable mischief to the public, who now considered the Whig party as more odious than that of the State, inasmuch as they were apostates. The people of Westminster should provide against a future struggle with Government. It was probable, that the assistance rendered at the last election would not be very ready on another occasion, but the influence of a corrupt Administration required a powerful effort to its counteraction. His colleague had acted, since he came into Parliament, with every regard to the interest of the people, and upon the great question of Reform, that Representative might be expected to do his duty.—(Applause.)—There was some little comfort too, in finding the leader of the Whigs deny, that the idea of Reform was given up in their view of a remedy for the diseases of the nation. All expectations, however, from the new Parliament were gone, and the people must now see that their only hope consisted in a Reform. All the rest of Europe, even the inhabitants of countries where despotism prevailed, saw the necessity of Representation; and ought this country to be less anxious for it than others? He did not think Annual Parliaments indispensable, though he considered those times of our history the best when they had been even more frequent than annual. He would support every measure tending to public advantage, for he did not see any inconsistency in supporting what he thought beneficial although it might be far short of what he thought best. (Great applause.) He had not brought forward any motion for Reform this season, because he wished the public to see what dependence was to be placed in this supposed improved Parliament. The division on the State of the Nation shewed what little chance the Whigs had, when separated from the people. The Hon. Baronet then ridiculed the attempts to restore a metallic currency. It was impossible that the patient should not die, while the doctors were preparing a remedy. They acted like other quacks: instead of applying a remedy to the disease (heavy taxation imposed by a corrupt Parliament), they applied to it the symptom (a paper currency.) They should all unite in the great cause—the cause which he had advocated, and would advocate as long as he lived. He felt "armed so strong in honesty," that all the remarks made upon him by his enemies he should leave to time and the good sense of the people to refute, they passed by him "as the idle wind which he regarded not." (Long and continued applause.)

Sir Francis then gave "Lord Cochrane, and success to the patriot cause of South America."

"John Cam Hobbouse, Esq and the 3861 Electors who supported him."

Mr. HOBHOUSE then addressed the Electors in a speech, of which the following is the substance:—He began by expressing his strong sense of the honour conferred on him by having his name inserted in the records of that triumphant day, and assuring them, that their kindness should stimulate him to further exertions.—"It has long been a saying," he continued, "transplanted I know not why from despotic monarchies to this country, that the King is the fountain of honour, and so he may be of that honour which is registered in the history not of our glories, but of our grievances—not in the annals of the nation, but the calendar of the Court: he may be the fountain of that honour which shines, like the impartial sun, upon the just and the unjust, and which prompts us not unfrequently to throw off that mantle of virtue, which we have wrapt resolutely round us during all the hardest storms of adversity. The King may be the source of that honour which the absolute sovereign bestows to dignify his slave, and which, in less happy regions, serve, like the jingling of the bells and the flappings of gaudy traces, to encourage the laborious duties of servitude. But the honour to which a free-born Englishman (for, my fellow-citizens, we were born free, though we may not die free) the honour to which he should aspire, is far different: it tends towards another course, it springs from another fountain,—from that pure and sparkling fountain which as you have well designated it, is the only source of legitimate power,—the people. They only can fairly understand and fully reward that species of merit which, in a free state, is the most distinguished merit, a perseverance in the behalf of the people against the encroachments of power. The reward, indeed, which the people can bestow is no less simple than honourable: it has no intrinsic value independent of the giver and of the occasion. They have nothing but their praise, but this praise is the most glorious and pure. It is not the golden crown which the enslaved provinces deigned to their Roman conquerors; it is the oak leaf wreath given by one freeman to another.

To obtain this praise, Gentlemen, it is my settled purpose to devote my life, and I know not where I can bring myself to the test more surely than here in Westminster; for your applause as well as your disapprobation find responsive sentiments throughout the empire. This object, though so noble, and that which in ancient times alone animated the patriot to every virtuous and painful endeavour,—this object which prompted the chief spirits that have ennobled our nature to endure all labour, to despise all shame, to bear bondage with patience, to submit to death with cheerfulness;—this glorious aim and reward, it is the vicious fashion of this age openly to despise and to set at naught. Every puny whipster, who willingly passes a whole life of sneaking subservience to obtain a smile from some great lady, or a nod from some great man, manfully declares his contempt for popular favour; whilst the more sapient politician makes it his boast, not only that he never obtained, but that he never deserved, the applause of the giddy multitude. If he aspires to a niche in the temple of fame, it is in that temple, of which the chief priestess is the poetic justice of the *Dunciad*—

Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Thus, Gentlemen, it seems, that I do not propose for myself a career in which I shall have many competitors; since the leading characters of the day are kind enough to tell you, that they do not direct their actions towards any of the vulgar ends of popularity, and that they willingly leave open the people's high-way for such as may still foolishly condescend to trudge in that old and beaten track. It was, I presume, some such magnanimous feeling, that made the Leader of Opposition, when he made a motion in order to put his friends in the seats of the present Ministers, roundly declare, that his plan of conciliating the affections of the people was "not by any subservience to popular clamour, or indulging in idle schemes of visionary and impracticable Reform." This is sufficiently candid and contemptuous: it is as much as to say that your clamour, that is your cry, are raised when you are not hurt,—that they mean nothing, and therefore should affect nobody. Indeed these natural leaders of ours, or (to use the metaphor lately applied by Lord Erskine) these natural physicians, who are so kind now and then as to watch the progress of our insanity, will not allow us to have any feeling: they remind me of the surgeon who was angry with the man, whose tooth he was pulling out, for saying he was hurt.—"Zounds! Sir," said the Doctor, "I'm of the profession; don't you think I know when I hurt you better than you?" Thus, Gentlemen, it is with our great politicians—they are of the profession; you are nothing but patients; you do not know even when you are really in pain; you may cry out as much as you please, but your Opposition Doctor cares no more for the crying than the regular Doctor. "No," says he, with noble dignity, "I do not judge by vulgar symptoms: I shall cure you my own way; you cry out in the wrong place; but your cries are nothing to me: I will not be 'subservient to popular clamour.'" It is however something gained, that the politicians, who wish to form a new Administration, do own that something should be done, although in their own way, for conciliating the affections of the people; and it is to be hoped, that, in no very distant period of time, the same individuals will discover, that there is only one way by which the affections of the people can be conciliated, and that is by our statesmen becoming "subservient to the popular clamour," or, in other words, by obeying the general voice, by listening to the loud cries of the people who call for Reform.

Gentlemen, every system of government by different persons and sets of men has already been tried; we have had statesmen from the right side in power, and statesmen from the left side in power. But what has been the consequence? Ministry has succeeded Ministry, Parliament has come after Parliament: still no correction; still no amendment; error has multiplied upon error, and instead of acquiring any positive merit, he has been the best man, who has committed the fewest blunders. At last we are come to such a pass, that our governors are acknowledged to be the most despised men in the nation; and we might think we lived in Turkey where they always give the wall to an idiot; or we might imagine ourselves to be Russian bores condemned to lose all our ancient habits, and when we make some little struggle to save our beards, obliged, not only to be shaved, but to be shaved, as the Czar Peter ordered his refractory subjects to be shaved, with a blunt razor; for surely it would be difficult to find a more dull edged tool than his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer: he strips us of every thing, but does it so clumsily that our skin comes off with our cloaths. Perhaps then, Gentlemen, it may be as well to recur now to those to whom we must recur at last—namely the people themselves. They have hitherto been totally excluded from any controul over their own affairs. It is the universal cry against such an experiment, that the people are incapable. At the least they are no worse than their betters, who have been proved to be what we are only said to be. With respect to them, it is no matter of speculation; it is a matter of record, that they can do nothing. At least all confidence has been exhausted, and it is seen, that all who have hitherto attempted to rule have proceeded upon some mistaken principle. It is the fashion of the day to call the people "wild and visionary," but to my mind the madmen of the day are those who will not suffer themselves to be taught by the great teacher, Time,—who, when they see the deception, still favour the deceit,—who, in spite of experience, in defiance of the cries of their companions and of the warnings of their own consciences, still pursue the same fatal career, which has already led them to the verge of destruction. But visionary! The people visionary! No. The people alone see things as they are; and mark from whom the accusation comes: it comes from those very statesmen who live, as it were, in a world of delusions. All around them is unreal; here they have the phantom of public credit; there they are beset with ten thousand legal fictions; on one side they fancy they behold virtue, strength, ca-

paucity, and patriotism presiding at the helm of the state; and, more extraordinary still, there they gaze with credulous complacency on that shadow of a shade,—the mock representation of the people. If we are wild and visionary, we do at least place our confidence in something which has not hitherto been proved to be ineffectual; but our sapient statesmen still wish to prolong a dream which they have for years felt to be so painful, and which seems likely to end in the sleep of death. Those whose incapacity is recorded and daily proved, those who move in a system of self-delusion, ought to be in truth candid enough to refrain from arguing against your interference, as if you had equally with themselves been tried in the balance and found wanting. But the same objections are always found against that plan which is the only plan now remaining to be tried; and rather than attempt to infuse any portion of democratic spirit into our decayed institutions, our great men are still resolved to try over again all the old nostrums which have not only failed to cure, but are by common consent allowed to have cherished the disease. They are still resolved to hug to their arms the loathsome, putrid, searce animated mass of corruption, and, against the evidences of their senses, pretend to fancy, and dare to call it, that once fair and blooming mistress of our hearts, the British constitution.

Gentlemen, we cannot conceal from ourselves, that at no time did such a determination against Reform of Parliament prevail in Parliament as at the present moment. It was indeed some consolation to hear the Leader of Opposition exclaim the other night that he was as much for Reform as ever,—a declaration, however, which it must be observed was elicited from him by a remark of your worthy representative. But what is this reluctant confession of the party leader, if he cannot, and he owned, he could not, carry his party along with him. It is clear, that the great art in parliamentary tactics now, is to affix the odium of an inclination for Reform upon whatever measure it is the object to hold up to detestation; and the whole art of the opponent party seems directed to ward off the damning suspicion. This feeling has proceeded at last to a length so ridiculous, that although the honourable House is, historically, the oldest trumpet in the universe, and like Quartailla in Petronius, cannot even recollect when she was a maid, yet, by a sort of tacit consent, the slightest imputation on her virgin purity is become a blasphemy worse than all the seven deadly sins; and there are actually two or three regular parliamentary bullies ready almost to knock any one down, who dares to sully the fair fame and credit of the House. And yet in spite of all this discreet exterior—in spite of every attempt to keep up the farce, the House is as well known as if the Society for the Suppression of Vice had hung a lantern at the door; and this wilful blindness is but a counterpart of the wisdom of the ostrich, who thrusts his head in the sand, and then boldly exposing his tail, thinks nobody can see him, because he cannot see himself. But we see enough—we do see what Mr. Burke called the shameful parts of the Constitution; and the only difference made by all this farcical pretension to virtue, is,—that the abettors of corruption are not only hated as traitors, but despised and laughed at as hypocrites.—The more the resolution against Reform prevails in the House, the more, surely, will the determination to have Reform prevail out of the House;—the more decided the combination against the people, the closer should be the union of the people. We should recollect that selfishness gives a principle of adherence to our adversaries—

Devil with devil damned

Strong concord holds;

whereas we are as it were a rope of sand, which cannot hold together without having frequently recourse to the cement of patriotism and public principle. And here, in exhorting you to unanimity, let me remark upon a pamphlet which I hold in my hand, which contains absolute false statements, originating, no doubt, from some extraordinary misconceptions, and by which I am concerned to see, that the worthy Major Cartwright still resolves to keep open our wounds. If there be any man here who has the ear of that gentleman, I hope he will tell the Major, that he is doing infinite mischief to the cause, and no little injury to his own character. As for his animadversions upon myself, I can appeal to all Westminster whether the charge of disuniting the Reformers can be applicable to me. I can ask any man whether or not I was not the sole reform candidate labouring, and successfully labouring, in common with my fellow-citizens, to drive the ministerial candidate from the field. I can appeal to all Westminster, whether at the nomination, on the 17th of November, in this room, there was the slightest movement made, which could make me suppose the Major would be put forward: yet several of his friends were present, and two of them, as I understood, acquiesced in my nomination, and promised, one on the spot, and the other afterwards in writing, their co-operation. The first intimation I received of the intention of the Major's friends was, by an invitation from the *Black Dwarf*, to purchase immortality at an easy rate, and to remove the crown, then imagined to be upon my brows, to those of the Major. My correspondent forgot, that I could not transfer your suffrages from one to another, and that such an attempt on my part, merely upon his recommendation, would have covered me with confusion and ridicule. Besides which, it would have been of no earthly use; for, after the double experiment, no man can now be mad enough to say, that any recommendation whatever would have made the Major Member for Westminster. And here, gentlemen, allow me most sincerely to express my regrets that I should have been the occasion,—the innocent occasion,—of drawing down obloquy and abuse upon the "noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times." I trust that I have no feelings of petty selfish ambition, which would reconcile me to having given rise to such attacks upon your representative, merely because the same opportunity gave me so flattering a testimony of the regard of the Electors of Westminster,

Gentlemen, you will all do me the credit to say, that during the election, assailed as I was on all sides, and without any support except that of him, who indeed stood me in the place of all others, I never uttered a disrespectful word of Major Cartwright. Indeed, I felt concerning him as the Irishman did for his wife; it did not become me to say any thing bad of him, and I could not say any thing good of him on that individual occasion, without telling a falsehood. But the truth is to be told, and since he forces me to tell it, I must repeat, that there are many statements in this pamphlet which, from my personal knowledge, I can assert to be unfounded. As the Major is not here, I will merely content myself with saying, as to the supposed management of my nomination by Sir Francis Burdett, that your worthy representative did not know that I was to be proposed until eight o'clock of the very morning of the nomination. I could assert from my own knowledge, as far as one man may presume to know another, how totally mistaken the Major is in supposing, that there was originally, before the election in 1818, the slightest disinclination on the part of Sir Francis against his being brought forward. I am most concerned to see, that the Major should appear to fancy, that the whole success of the great cause, in which we are engaged, should depend upon the choice of any individual as member for Westminster; and I do think he would consult his own dignity better, if he discontinued to hint, that he believes that individual to be himself. Thank God, your cause depends upon no single man, and even if your worthy representative were to fall dead before you, your bitter regrets would not prevent you from seeing, that the same principle which has animated him, would still survive him, and find advocates, not so able indeed, but perhaps equally persevering. Gentlemen, I would here close this unpleasant topic, and dismiss it for ever, were it not necessary, that I should express my surprise, that the author of this pamphlet should give his sanction to the cry raised against me as not being sufficiently explicit as to my opinions on Reform. I was too explicit: my declaration, which I needed not have made, furnished my adversaries with arms against me, which, if I had only said, in general terms, that I was for "Radical Reform," they would never have been able to find. One consolation I have, that, whereas my opponents, at the beginning of the election, asserted I wished to curtail the suffrage, so at the end of the election they said I was for *Universal Suffrage*. That declaration laid down no absolute plan, nor do I learn, that the Electors of Westminster ever wished me to give any pledge, except of agreeing with them on the paramount importance of Reform.—This remark brings me back to that great question,—when shall we have a Reform?—That which Lord Grey foretold in 1794, has unfortunately been proved by the experience of three and twenty years.—"The House of Commons will never reform itself." When then shall we have a Reform? I will answer in a phrase used by the same Nobleman in 1793, when "the People resolve for themselves" that there shall be a Reform. The House of Commons is at this moment the only associated body, pretending to represent the interests of others, that holds no sort of communion, or has no kind of sympathy, with its presumed constituents. The Bank Directors act for, and refer to, the Bank Stock-holders; every petty company appeals to and is directed by, the persons for whose benefit they act; but the Commons House sits and acts alone and apart: it has no sympathy, no communion with the Commons: it is a body acting for and referring to itself solely; it appeals to no tribunal. When it conducts itself in conformity with natural feeling, it is a mere coincidence, not a consequence; but it most usually proceeds with an avowed scorn and contempt of the general inclinations of the people.

Gentlemen, Mr. Fox proclaimed, in 1793, that this government by King, Lords, and Commons, is "a government in which the power of the people is nothing." Are times mended? Are the people stronger than they were then? They are not; the usurpation has been strengthened; there is no such thing as a National Representation. Where we should look for a national representation, we find nothing but a national grievance. And who are they that thus lord it over us? Is it the King whom we have promised to obey? No, they are those who have promised to obey us. The tyranny under which we groan is the worst and most disgraceful in its nature, it is the tyranny of the servant over the master; for, Gentlemen, your representatives should be your servants, they should glory in the title; but what is the case now? We hear our statesmen proud of calling themselves the servants of the Crown, the servants of a single individual; but disdain all dependence upon a great and glorious nation, whose interests it should be not only their duty, but their pride, to promote. But we are their masters, and they shall find it so the day will come when we shall break their unnatural bondage with as much ease

"As Sampson his green withies;" and let us recollect, in our Petitions, the words of the same great man, whose patriotism was as sublime as his poetry, that a petition from the people is not the asking of a favour, but the demanding of a due. Nor does the day now seem to be far distant;—the bloated carcass, whose enormous size has filled a space which no healthy body could occupy, seems about to burst;—the system is dividing and falling to pieces on all sides;—the vessel is manifestly going down—some of those aboard are scrambling to save their own—some are breaking open the chests of others; and no small portion of the crew seem nobly resolved not to see the inevitable fate that awaits them, and to die gallantly drunk.—It is true, Gentlemen, that many of our goods are embarked on board this vessel, but it is equally true, that we have the consolation of contemplating the tempest from the shore. The people are on dry land, and the sooner the catastrophe arrives, the better for them. They will count no more upon the imaginary treasures and benefits connected with corruption, but will henceforward see, that it is by their own exertions solely that they can obtain those advantages which God and Nature intended to be the inalienable portion of freemen.

Other gentlemen afterwards addressed the Meeting, and the evening was passed most socially.

Royal Academy.

(From the London Examiner of the 6th of June.)

Last week we briefly mentioned the striking excellence of Mr. Cooper's *Battle of Marston-moor*; but a brief mention is inadequate to convey any just conception of its character. We shall therefore go somewhat into detail upon it, especially as the subject comes more immediately home to those Englishmen who are lovers of freedom than most that have employed the pencil. It is an example of the heroic resolution with which death itself was faced by our ancestors in the resistance of arbitrary power, and the insolent, unjust, and pernicious claims of Legitimacy and the Divine Right of Kings. Besides this, the picture contains so much of the portraiture of the leading individuals who signalized themselves at the awful period of our civil wars, that we think, our readers, and especially those of them who visit the Exhibition, will like to have them pointed out.

The chief tug of the battle is seen in the centre group. It is the taking of Prince Rupert's Standard, which has the motto and device as described by Rushworth. Capt. Salmon, one of the bravest of Lambert's warriors, and who is without his helmet, has seized it. Below on a white horse, is the republican General Lambert, bareheaded, and rallying his troops. To the left in the middle distance, is Cromwell bringing up his reserve, after having chased the wing opposed to him off the field. The sword in his hand, and which he himself used in the civil wars, is painted from one in the possession of his descendant Mr. Frankland, M.P. His countenance exhibits that shrewdness, and designing, and courage, which eventually procured him the supreme power in a way that disappointed the hopes of the genuine patriots. In the foreground is a Royal and broken Cavalry Standard, fallen from a Dragoon, who is struggling on his back with his horse down in the water. Near to these is a Drum, now possessed by Lord Ribblesdale. It was used by General Fairfax, and bears his family arms. A little to the right of the centre is Sir C. Lucas shooting a Parliamentarian, and from whom he has retaken one of the King's Infantry Standards. Sir Charles was captured in the battle. Lower on the right is Sir T. Fairfax on a dark horse, ordering his reserve to be brought up. Over Fairfax and in the distance, is the Marquis of Newcastle's brave regiment, who determined to conquer or perish, and in consequence every man was found dead on the spot he engaged in! On a pie-bald horse is Captain Lister. He has overthrown Sir C. Slingsby, over whom, in the middle ground is the Standard of General Porter, an intrepid Royalist. The battles of a civil war are the most fiercely contested, for they are not those of the cold-blooded and unconcerned hirelings of interested governments, as the men of most armies are, but the battle of deeply interested and warm-hearted men of principle, who fight from conviction of the justice of their cause, and from hatred of their adversaries. Every sword is therefore wielded with the energies not only of body but of mind, not only with a mere regard to the taking and preserving of life, but to the destruction of a hated, and the establishment of a darling principle. Such a battle is here pictured; and the Painter's imagination has been warmed-as with the impulses of a partizan. "The baleful kiss" is in the midst. Slaughter unfeels his bloody streamer and

"Swells the red horrors of the direful plain."

Death, quiescent on the pallid face and shut eyes of the fallen soldier, shews a horrid silence and contrast to the passion-distorted faces of some, and the steadily-resolved looks of others, to the glaring eyes, brandished arms, and fevered life, stimulated to its strongest activity of feeling and action. The light in the picture glisters martially, as from Bellona's fires—the flashing eyes and polished arms of the warriors. Such a picture where the figures are of a miniature size, ought to have the finishing of the Dutch Painters, and it has. It is carefully wrought, though in his pencilling Mr. Cooper wants much to equal the Dutch Artists and our Wilkie, who stands alone in this respect among our living Painters. The dresses, the armour, and all the other objects, come out vigorously upon the eye, and there is a fluttering force of varied tints, that increases the impression of a furious conflict. The impression is awful.—When we hear, as we continually do, weak complaints about the number of Portraits in the Exhibition, which Portraits must be expected in a country rich as England is, and where affectionate feeling ought to have its indulgence in this way, though vanity often procures it, and where too, it supports a number of able Artists, we would refer the discontented to this picture, and to those of Stothard, Alston, Leslie, Westall, Turner, Callcott, Collins, Constable, Hoffman, Gaily, Nasmyth, Wilkie, Ripplingill, Mulready, Briggs, Arnald &c.; the Sculpture of Messrs. Flaxman, Chantry, Westmacott, Baily Wyatt, &c. Before such a large and genius-gifted assemblage in one Exhibition, Taste will spontaneously pronounce its approval, and Ignorance alone its dissatisfaction.

The *Penny Wedding*, is, in our judgement, Mr. Wilkie's best Work, because to his former most natural display of the looks and feelings of every description of persons in familiar life, and to his exquisite and unequalled lightness and beauty in the pencilling, he adds more intelligence and beauty in the colouring, which as we have before remarked, was in the first pictures somewhat heavy and cold, and in his latter, rather of a monotonous yellow. The present picture has just enough of his former colour, to give substance and variety to the yellow hue which agreeably pervades the canvas. Mr. Wilkie has been perhaps surpassed by Teniers and others of the Dutch Painters in the vigour of their tones, and in their identification of still-life objects, but in the beauty of the pencilling, in the management of groupings, and in that most essential quality, the giving those very gestures and looks which in actual life best denote the thoughts and feelings he intends to express, he is unsurpassed, and these high qualities give him a rank among the first

of the Dutch Masters. He never omits any circumstance necessary to the completion of his subject, or adds anything that is unnecessary. The longer we look at his Works the more we like them, because they are such faithful images of our species, and because they reflect back upon us our own emotions and actions. They are not deceptions, but realities; not sophistications, but truths. They are Nature. The *Penny Wedding* is a marriage festival once common in Scotland, at which each of the guests paid a subscription to defray the expenses of the feast, and by the overplus to enable the new-married couple to commence house-keeping. The picture exhibits it in all its felicity. The fore part and centre of a large barn is occupied by dancers, by a woman bringing refreshments, by lookers on, by musicians, and by the young Bride, Bridegroom, and Brides-maid; advancing to join the dance. Behind are large party feasting. Graceful movements, joy, and agility, are seen in two couples who appear, by their pains-taking, to be conscious of the gaze of the lookers on. The handsome young man, as he leads his beloved forward, looks at her with a smile of ineffable happiness, esteem, and love. Her happy countenance has an expression of diffidence and beauty amiably feminine. The buxom Bridesmaid is stooping to pull up the heel of her shoe. Behind these a young woman who is tying on a girl's sash, is laughingly assisting an elderly one who is carrying in part of the repast. The girl's ear is whispered into by a lively young fellow who looks at her with a partiality and a joyousness, naturally inspired by so lovely a companion, and the pleasure he is about to have in dancing with her. Raised above the company are seated the country Musicians.

One of them with downward look, works away with his arm as unobtrusive of the lively throng as if he was alone. A Lady and Gentleman of "the olden time" are looking with much social as well as self-satisfaction at the brisk-limbed group, as if inly exulting at the feats they also could once boast of. At the dinner party is seen a very original feature of character in a picture. It is a man who, reverentially holding his hat before his face, says grace before he partakes of the blessing of Providence. The rest shew that their renewed animal spirits are bursting forth into conviviality. There is a lightness of touch exquisitely pleasing throughout this picture, and the light shines in it with a solar brightness, that increases the sprightliness of the scene, affording beautiful and brisk contrasts to the dark and deep-coloured objects. It most agreeably loses itself in shade as it advances upwards to the beam-supported roof, on which, and on the sides of the rustic room, is suspended and piled up its various furniture. This picture is effective on the hearts of all kinds of spectators.

Italian Opera.

(From the Same.)

This house is the only theatre now, at which you are sure of hearing something both modern and masterly. There is occasionally something good at the English Winter Theatres, but the general run of pieces is deplorable, and reminds one of nothing but the stage itself. It is a melancholy round of stage repetitions, as old and dreary as the jog of a mill-horse.

At the Opera, on the other hand, you are almost sure of hearing a work not only masterly, but of the first kind of masterliness in the art of music,—some production from the first-rate composers, such as Pissello, Mozart, Winter, Cimarosa, and Rossini; who, though of various ranks, are as great in their way as the great poets of England or painters of Italy. And it is to be observed, that the insurmountable objection to the English winter theatres,—their enormous size,—does not apply to a large musical house; because singing is naturally of a louder and more distinct utterance than talking; the instrumental accompaniment would fill any place; and if an objection remains as to countenances, an equal variety of distinctness of expression is not demanded of them, nor even wanted, the vocal expression being clear and just, and supplying the feeling to the spectator. We venture to prophecy, that at no great distance of time, the English winter theatres will either be totally ruined by their size and bad management, or turned into mere places of spectacle; while, on the other hand, the smaller houses will every day grow richer as well as more respectable.

On Tuesday last, the Managers, greatly to the credit of their taste and spirit, brought forward another of the masterpieces of Mozart, *Il Flauto Magico*, the *Magic Flute*, better known and long admired in private circles under its German name of the *Zauber Flute*. We like to mention objections first, as the little boys bite off the hard edges of their tartlets, in order that they may fall unobstructedly on the body of sweetness within. The opera then, as performed on Tuesday, is justly accused of being a third too long. It was not over, for instance, till nearly 12 o'clock. Now the music is, throughout, excellent; but setting aside other considerations, the most excellent music in the world will not bear a theatrical performance so continued. It's very excellence, unmingled with intervals of other enjoyment as in private society, would tend to overstretch and exhaust attention, just as it strains the faculties to look for hours together at a variety of fine pictures. But when it comes to be considered, that this excellent music is divided among a variety of singers, some of them almost inevitably poor and unequal to it, the discrepancy and confusion become perfectly wearisome; and on Tuesday evening for the first time in our lives, and not without some shame, we found ourselves dropping and shutting our eyes, in the company of Mozart, not in order to listen with the greater luxury, but to catch a willing unwilling slumber. The remedy of this however is obvious, and we suppose was put in practice on the second night.—With regard to

the other objections, the new and younger performers whom it was necessary to add to the *Dramatis Personæ* are to be treated with tenderness; the most promising young singers may reasonably be allowed to be deficient in giving such compositions their proper effect. We have to find fault however with an agreeable singer, M. Begrez, who whether from negligence, or from not having his voice in the best order, gave the sprightly and triumphant air of *Regina Amore in ogni loco* feebly and inefficiently. There is surely, on the other hand, no necessity for the extreme vivacity of the two whirling globes in the scene where the Queen of Night comes down from her throne. They emulated her singing and the orchestra, with a noise, of which none but sinners could have been capable.

Such are our objections, all of which are removable. Now to the pleasant task of approbation. And in the first place, we do not participate in the objection made to the nature of the story, which because it is a fairy tale is thought frivolous. Alas, how frivolous are most of the grave realities of life! We own we have a special liking for a fairy tale; and if we are not greatly mistaken, Mozart himself was of our opinion, and got his wife to read one to him before he sat down to write that divine overture to *Don Giovanni*. Thus his pleasurable and fanciful mind made a fairy tale even a medium of inspiration. And it has a right to be so. It is full of some of the pleasantest associations of one's life. It has "eyes of youth." It is even more, it anticipates for us something of the good, which the human mind, as long as it is worth any thing, is so anxious to realize, something of a brighter and more innocent world, in which the good-natured and flowery will, is gratified; and the evil spirit, only furnishing a few more anxieties and occupations by the way, is always felt to be the weaker of the two, and sure to be found so at last. But we must take care of our limits. The story of the *Magic Flute* is made up of a mixture of Fairyism and Egyptian mythology, The Queen of Night (Miss Corri), who is a malignant being, has a daughter (Madame Bellocchi) who is withdrawn from her by the Priests of Isis, (suspicious person it must be owned) in order to be saved from her influence. A young Prince (Garcia) falls in love with the daughter from having seen her picture, which is put in his way by her mother, and the latter induces him with false representations to try and rescue her out of their hands. A birdcatcher (Amerogetti) who is a sort of clown to the piece, is made to accompany him as servant. The Prince accordingly gets admittance into the temple of Isis, and makes the due impression on the heart of the lady, who endeavours to escape with him. They are detected, and by degrees brought to have a different opinion of the Priests, who after subjecting them to a variety of trials with that Freemasonry of theirs which was once so celebrated, unite them in marriage. The piece, which by the way has the double title of the *Magic Flute* or the *Mysteries of Isis*, receives its first name from a flute given to the Prince, which upon being played, has the power of averting dangers, and which he makes use of, in going through the fiery vaults and other apparent horrors of the said *Mysteries*. Papageno, the bird catcher is also gifted with a dulcimer, which has the privilege of affecting people a dancing. It is his resort to this charm, when his master and he are about to be seized and made prisoners, that gives rise to the delicious air of *O Cara Armonia*, to which all their assailants suddenly begin treading a delighted measure. We were going to say, that the public are intimate with this air, under the name of *Away with Melancholy*; but we should rather say they are on speaking terms with it. The original, with its accompaniments, and with its appendix of another air, is a great deal finer.

And what divine music is there besides? There is. First of all, the finest Overture in the world; then there is the bird-like hilarity of *Gentile qui l'uccellatore*; the prophecy about the three youths (*Tre bei Jergon*) who are to descend from heaven on golden wings; (the very music comes stepping down, like a ladder from heaven); the magnificent air, *Te guida palma nobile*, which the youths sing when they do descend, and which answers so completely to the character of their mission;—all the various and delightful composition, comprising almost every species of emotion, in Scenes 15 and 16 of Act the First; the abundant pomp and solemnity of all the grand melodies and harmonies connected with the Priests and their worship; the placid depth and dignity of *Sarestro's* description of his earthly paradise. *Qui silegio non s'accende*; and then again, the delicate and tricksome stepping of the return of the Genii, *Gia fan ritorno*, with a quick and dimpled smilingness running throughout it. But the whole opera is one continued and deep river of music, breaking into every possible turn of course and variety of surface, and exhibiting every aspect of the heavens that lie above it. Mozart's genius is here in its most romantic and passionate character, undoubtedly. We can hardly say it is in his best, for nothing can be better than *Figaro*; neither do we conceive it will be so popular as that opera and *Don Giovanni*. It is, we suspect, too poetical to be so;—too much referring to indefinable sentiments and sensations out of the pale of common experience;—but numberless passages will delight the genuine lovers of music as much perhaps as any in either of those works. It may give a complete idea of what we think of the *Magic Flute* in general, its peculiarities, its chances, &c. when we say, that it is to Mozart's other works what the *Tempest* is to the most popular of Shakspeare's comedies. We are not sure, for our own parts, that we do not admire it more than any of his operas, if we could candidly rid ourselves of a preconceived notion, that Mozart's powers were chiefly confined to the gayer part of enjoyment,—a misconception to which all men of various genius seem to have been liable, in return for their bestowing gladness.

Official Document.

Repeal to the Warehousing Duty on the East India Coffee; Treasury Chambers, 29th June, 1819.

Gentlemen,

I am commanded by the Lords commissioners of his Majesty's treasury to acquaint you, that with reference to the petition of sundry merchants, praying a draw-back may be allowed of the warehousing duty on coffee imported from the East Indies; my lords have submitted to parliament a clause for repealing the warehousing duty on East India Coffee, actually exported from the bonded warehouse in this country; and I am to desire you will give directions to your different officers to desist from demanding this until the pleasure of parliament shall be known.

(Signed)

S. R. LUSHINGTON.

Commissioners of Customs

Commercial Reports.

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S DECLARATIONS.

For sale on Friday, July 2, 1819, prompt October 1st following. Licensed, Cotton wool 46 bales.

For sale on Wednesday, July 7, prompt October 8th following. Licensed, Coffee 1857 bags; sugar 125 hhds, 210 barrels, and 1500 baskets; rice 3638 bags, rice sweepings 10 bags.

For sale on Monday, July 19, prompt 15th October following. Private Trade China raw silk 262 bales; Bengal raw silk 68 bales.

For sale on Tuesday, 2d August, prompt 29th October following. Private Trade, Bandannoes 17 chests; muslins 2 bales; coloured silk handkerchiefs 3 boxes, figured silk handkerchiefs 3 boxes; black silk handkerchiefs 14 boxes; flowered nankeen-coloured silk handkerchiefs 6 boxes; crape shawls 6 boxes; Instrings 5 boxes; crape scarfs 240; sarinets 1 box; silk scarfs 224; China-wrought silks 15 pieces; flowered crape scarfs 25; Florentine silks 3 boxes; nankeens short lengths 3 cases; nankeens 30 boxes; silk piece goods 1 box; yellow nankeens, short, 16 boxes; blue nankeens 2 boxes; Madras handkerchiefs 26 chests; Ventapollam handkerchiefs 30 bales and 3 chests; blue cloth 42 bales; China silk piece goods, 46 chests, nankeens 456 chests.

For sale on Monday, 9th August, prompt 5th November following. Licensed Saltpetre 94 tons; pepper 1586 bags; ginger 373 bags; nutmegs 15 cases; cassia, 192 bags; sago 18 boxes and 695 bags; Cloves 2 cases. Private Trade, Oil of cinnamon 3 cases; oil of cassia 4 cases.

For sale on Wednesday, 11th August, prompt 5th November following. Company's hemp 269 bales; sunn 836 bales. Private Trade, Oil of anniseed 10 cases and 4 tubs; Rhubarb 221 chests; vermilion 40 boxes; cajaputa oil 2 boxes; benjamin 15 cases; gamboge 17 cases; anniseed oil 2 boxes. Licensed, Gum arabic 11 chests; stick lac 7 chests; assafoetida 25 chests; lac dye 71 chests; shell lac 89 chests; castor oil 40 chests; china root 1790 bags; nux vomica 1158 bags; munjeet 4218 bales; galangal 267 bales.

For sale on Friday 13th August, prompt 5th November following. Licensed, Ground rattans 270 bundles; horn tips 15 bags; sapan wood 228 cwt.; red wood 253 cwt.; teak boards 1269 planks; cornelians 2 boxes. Private Trade, Tortoise-shell 2 chests and 2 boxes; fishing lines 1 chest.

PUBLIC SALES.

June 30, by Holden and Vanhouse: 56 casks Grenada cocoa 106s a 112s 6d per cwt.; 280 casks plantation coffee, fine middling Grenada 143s, middling Dominica 128s a 132s 6d, fine ordinary Trinidad 124s a 127s, fine middling Jamaica 148s 6d a 150s, fine ordinary Jamaica 117s a 118s 6d per cwt.

June 30, by Kymer, M'Taggart, and Co.: 3 4 bags Berbice cotton, ordinary to middling 14d a 14½d, fair to good 14½d a 15d per lb.

July 1, by Webster and Simpson: 190 casks, 234 brls. and 142 bags plantation coffee, Jamaica, middling 119s a 120s, fine ordinary 118s, Dutch good middling 130s, middling 122s, Trinidad good middling 142s 6d, middling 121s 6d a 123s, fine middling St. Lucia 136s per cwt. 700 bags Brazil coffee 112s 6d a 114s 6d per cwt. 123 bags Pimento 7½d a 8½d per lb.

July 1, by Thomas Kemble, Sen, and Co.: 430 casks and 296 bags plantation coffee, Jamaica good middling 128s, fine ordinary 118s, good ordinary 110s a 113s, ordinary 107s, Dominica good middling 131s a 132s, middling 126s, fine ordinary 118s 6d, Dutch middling 125s 6d a 126s 6d, fine ordinary 119s a 121s 6d per cwt.; 20 casks and 360 bags St. Domingo coffee bought in at 120s per cwt.

July 2, by E. Corrie and Co.: 30 brls. pimento 7½d per lb. 90 hhds, plantation coffee, fine middling Jamaica 149s, good middling 134s, good ordinary 108s, ordinary 94s a 99s per cwt. 16 hhds, and 1000 bags St. Domingo coffee 112s 6d per cwt.

July 2, by J. B. Rayner: 585 barrels New York pearl ashes in bond 46s a 47s, 75 barrels New York pot ashes 38s per cwt.

Shipping Intelligence.

The following ships from India had arrived in England in the end of June, and beginning of July:—

Warren Hastings, from Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon—Hyperion, from Calcutta—Coldstream, from Bengal—Asia, from Calcutta—Rockingham, from Calcutta—Lord Keith, from Calcutta—and Northampton, from Calcutta.